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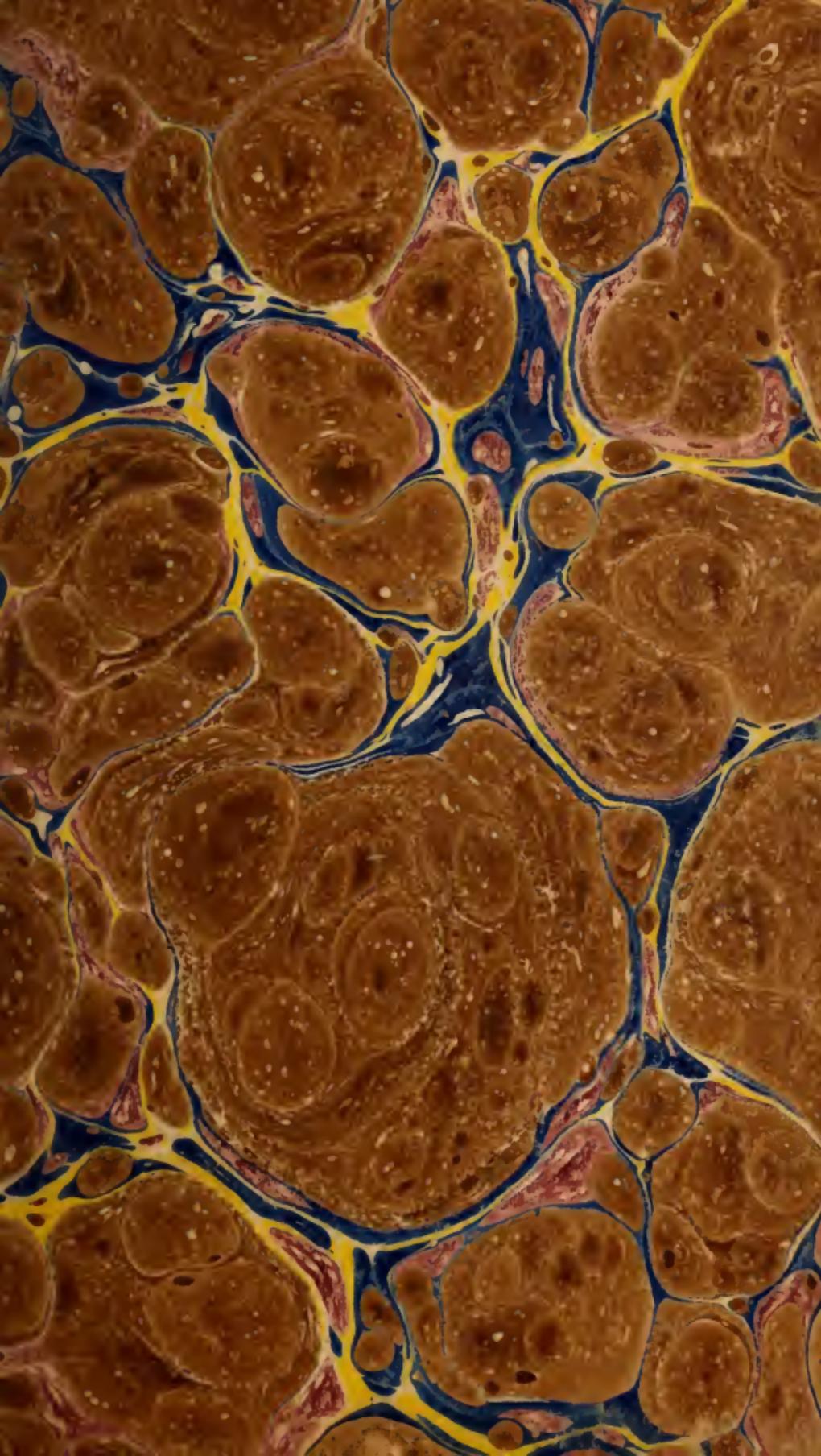
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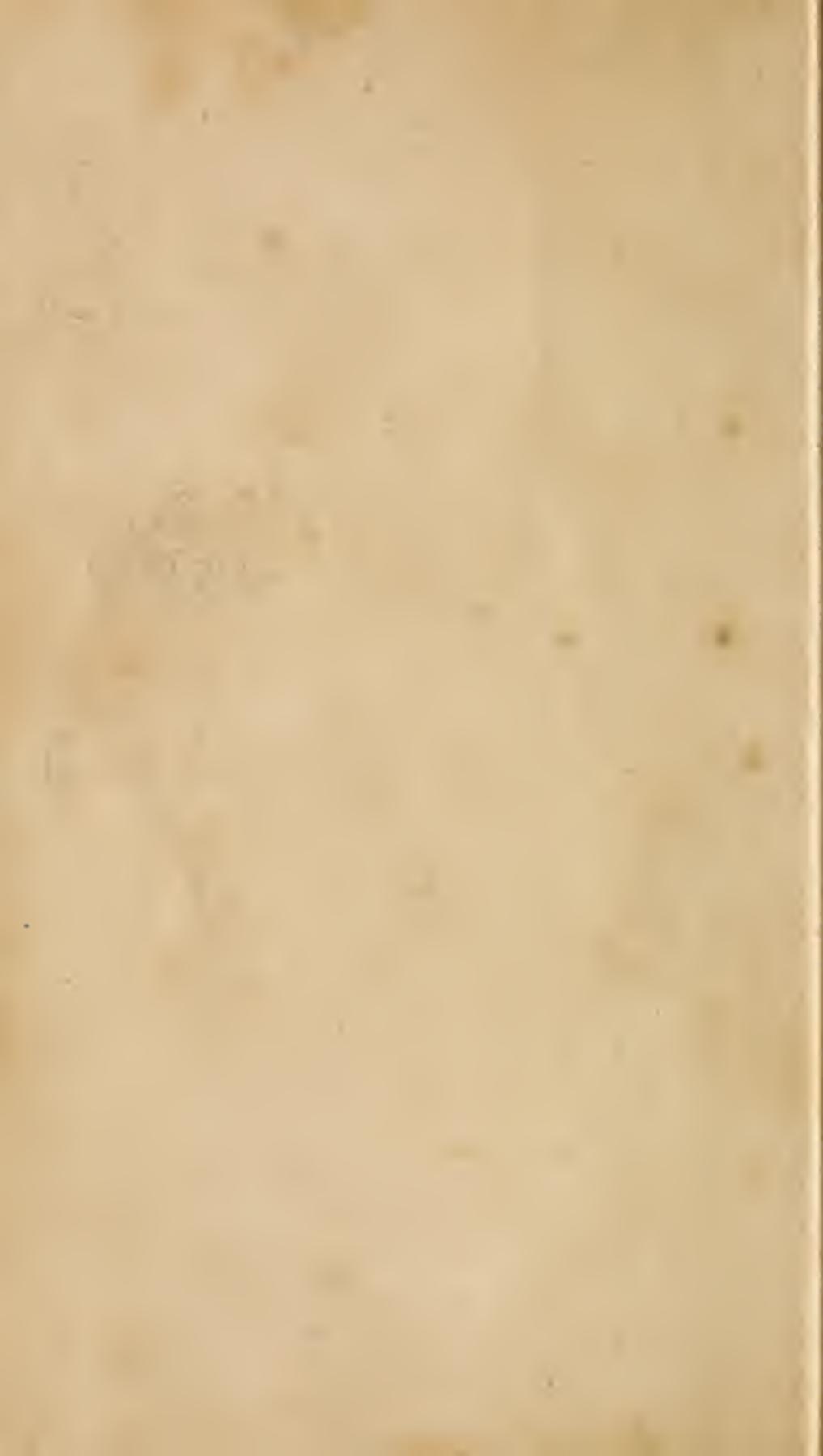
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Lenten Session of Philadelphia
ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

ADOPTED BY THE
GENERAL SYNOD,

OF THE
Reformed Dutch Church,

IN

NORTH AMERICA,

AT THEIR SESSION, JUNE, 1831,

AND AUTHORIZED TO BE USED IN THE CHURCHES
UNDER THEIR CARE.

Reformed Church in America

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY G. W. MENTZ & SON.

—
1831.

“Entered according to act of Congress, in the year
1831, by Isaac L. Kipp, (on behalf of the General Synod
of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church,) in the
Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern
District of New York.”

EXTRACTS

*From the Acts and Proceedings of the General Synod of
the Reformed Dutch Church in North America.*

SESSION, JUNE, 1830.

Resolved, That the Rev. Thomas De Witt, D. D., William M'Murray, D. D., Isaac Ferris, and the elders Peter D. Vroom, Jr., and John D. Keese, be a committee to select from the different collections now published, Hymns on a variety of subjects, to constitute the second Book of Hymns, to be added to those now in use in all future editions of our Psalm and Hymn Book, and that said committee report such selection to the next General Synod for their approbation.

IN SESSION, JUNE, 1831.

The committee appointed by the last General Synod, reported a selection of Hymns. Whereupon the following resolutions were adopted.

1. *Resolved*, That the said additional Hymns reported by the committee appointed by General Synod in 1830, be accepted, ordered to be published as a second book of Hymns, and authorized to be used by the churches in the same manner as the psalms and hymns now in use.

2. *Resolved*, That all future editions of the Psalm Book shall contain the additional Hymns, together with the canons of the church, as soon as the Board of Direction of the Corporation shall be able to make the necessary arrangements with the Publisher.

3. *Resolved*, That a separate edition of the additional Hymns be published.

4. *Resolved*, That the Board of Direction of the Corporation be directed to take out separate Copy-Rights for each of the books, and authorize their publication; and that they superintend the publication of the first edition of each book.

ADDITIONAL

H Y M N S.



Perfections of God.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Creation Praising God.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 2. C. M.

Sovereignty and Decrees of God.

- 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod:
 My soul stands trembling while she sings
 The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave—TO BE.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men;
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,
 To sceptres and a crown;
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
 Nor God the reason gives;
 Nor dares the favourite angel pry,
 Between the folded leaves.)
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate, with curious eyes;

What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

HYMN 3. C. M.

Love of God.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears
To show, that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd
His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Goodness of God.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,

- A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines—
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There like a sun thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Loving-kindness of God.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all:
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong!

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal power must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture, and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 6. P. M. 6, 4.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made:
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

5 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!

His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Advent of Christ.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Nativity of Christ.

1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire

Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;

The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

HYMN 8. P. M. 11, 10.

Star in the East.

1 **B**RIGHTEST, and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favours secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
- 5 Brightest, and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redemer is laid.

HYMN 9. L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky;
 One star alone of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem:
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The star—the star of Bethlehem!
-

Characters of Christ.

HYMN 10. C. M.

The fountain of Christ's blood.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain, in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be—till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 11. L. M.

Christ the Physician of Souls.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O! fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

HYMN 12. L. M.

Christ an hiding place.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapp'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,

Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran:
“ Almighty love! arrest the man;”
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
“ This mountain is no hiding place.”
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell,
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 13. L. M.

Christ our sympathizing High Priest.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands;
A great high priest our nature wears,
Our friend, and advocate appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth, a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

- 3 Our fellow sufferer yet retains
A fellow feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrow had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heav'nly power
To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Christ our Example.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;

Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

HYMN 15. P. M. 7.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 - 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
 - 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
-

Praise to the Redeemer.

HYMN 16. C. M.

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
A Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN 17. P. M. 6, 4.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high;
 Let heaven and earth reply—
 Praise ye his Name!
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And sing forevermore—
 Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 All they around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 We, who have felt his blood,
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad—
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name:
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice—
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 What tho' we change our place—
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we bring—
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 18. H. M.

Praise to Christ.

- 1 COME, every pious heart
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest power exert
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;

On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endur'd, oh, who can tell?
 To save our souls from death and hell.

- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up thro' the sky the conqu'ror rode,
 And reigns on high the Saviour God.

- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
 The gift, tho' small, do thou receive.

HYMN 19. P. M. 8, 7.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name,
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
 He has washed us with his blood;
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies,
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;
 He has washed us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptations
 Threaten hard to bear us down!

For the Lord our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:
 He who wash'd us in his blood
 Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us *wonder*; grace, and justice
 Join, and point to mercy's store;
 When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,
 Justice smiles, and asks no more:
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Has secured our way to God.
- 5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky;
 “Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
 “Thou art worthy, Lamb of God.”
- 6 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
 Loud from golden harps above!
 Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
 Faint our praises, cold our love:
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by thee we come to God.

The Holy Spirit.

HYMN 20. P. M. 8, 7.

The Holy Spirit Invoked.

- 1 **H**OLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light;
 Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,
 Great distributer of grace,

Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, Oh, hear our supplication.

- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O, thou GLORY shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation!
Make our hearts thy habitation.

HYMN 21. L. M.

Prayer for the Influence of the Spirit.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;
- 3 Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with thy calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.
-

Alarming.

HYMN 22. P. M. 7's.

Sinners Exhort ed in view of Judgment.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice;
 Seek the things that are above;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 23. P. M. 7, 6.

The Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think;
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 On the verge of ruin stop—
 Now the friendly warning take—
 Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar:
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You shall mark their crimson dye;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?
- 4 Tho' your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass;

God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

HYMN 24. C. M.

The broad and narrow ways.

- 1 **S**INNERS, behold that downward road
 Which leads to endless wo;
 What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
 The road to ruin go!
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way
 Which leads to endless bliss;
 There see a happy, chosen few,
 Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,
 To Zion upward tend;
 The Bible is their precious guide,
 And God himself their friend.
- 4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
 Guide thou my feet aright;
 I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
 Be banish'd from thy sight.

HYMN 25. H. M.

Death the close of the day of grace.

- 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,
 And points his fatal dart,
 What dark foreboding fears
 Distract the sinner's heart!
 The dreadful blow
 No arm can stay,

But torn away,
He sinks to wo. .

- 2 Now ev'ry hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God;
No mercy there
Will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.
- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heaven shall be your home.
His mercy nigh,
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

HYMN 26. C. M.

The Sinner warned against abuse of the Divine Goodness.

- 1 UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn
Of God's long suff'ring grace?
And whence this madness that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
And scorn his offer'd love?
- 3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,
His goodness is design'd

- To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy harden'd mind?
- 4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe;
And treasure up his wrath in store
Against the day of wo?
- 5 Soon shall that fatal day approach,
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
In awful pomp reveal.
- 6 While they who full of holy deeds,
To glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Exhortation to Repentance.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days!
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 28. P. M. 7.

To-day, the Season of Mercy.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun,

HYMN 29. L. M.

The striving of the Spirit.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,
 Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,—
 Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
 Of worldliness and vanity,

- And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Inviting.

HYMN 50. L. M.

Christ knocking at the Heart of the Sinner.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;

The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

HYMN 31. C. M.

The Sinner's heart opened.

- 1 **W**HOO is this stranger at the door,
That would admission gain?
I know he oft has knock'd before,
Still he has come again.
- 2 I find him knocking at my heart,
Though I've defied his will;
He waits to act a gracious part,
And all his truth fulfil.
- 3 Too long, alas! I've entertain'd
A soul-destroying guest,
Who took possession of my heart,
And all my powers oppressed.
- 4 But art thou not the same that died
A sacrifice for sin?
Then enter my polluted breast,
And make me pure within.
- 5 That grace that I've so long abused
I'd willingly receive:
Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray,
Lord, help me to believe!

- 6 My hungry soul would now partake
 The banquet of thy love;
 That sacred flesh and blood of thine,
 Foretaste of joys above.

HYMN 32. C. M.

The Value of the Soul.

- 1 **W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round?—
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found:
 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
 3 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail?
 4 Then let us gather round the cross
 That knowledge to obtain;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

HYMN 33. L. M.

Weary souls invited to rest.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad;

Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

HYMN 34. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
 “*It is finish'd:*”
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;

Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!—
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 35. L. M.

Wanderer invited to return.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 36. C. M.

The Fountain of Living Waters.

- 1 **O**H, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!

Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here love, eternal love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

HYMN 37. L. M.

The Young invited to Christ.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell—
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

HYMN 38. P. M. 12's.

Free Grace to Sinners.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, escape to
the mountain,
For all that believe, Christ has opened a
fountain,
For sin, and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salva-
tion.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us
a pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour
repair,
Now he calls you in mercy, and can you for-
bear?
Though your sins are increas'd as high as a
mountain,
His blood can remove them, it streams from
this fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus our king, reigns triumphantly
glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than
victorious:
With shouting proclaim it,—O trust in his
passion,
He saves us most freely;—O glorious salva-
tion.
- 4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glori-
ous;

To Jesus we'll join with the great congrega-
tion,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
 5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to
the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him
the more;
We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks
of the river,
And sing of salvation forever, and ever.

HYMN 39. C. M.

The humble Sinner's Resolve.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 “I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
“Hath like a mountain rose;
“I know his courts, I'll enter in,
“Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
“And there my guilt confess;
“I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
“Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 “I'll to the gracious king approach,
“Whose sceptre pardon gives;
“Perhaps he may command my touch—
“And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “Perhaps he will admit my plea,
“Perhaps will hear my prayer;
“But if I perish, I will pray,
“And perish only there.

- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
 "I am resolv'd to try;
 "For if I stay away, I know
 "I must forever die."
-

Penitential.

HYMN 40. S. M.

Repentance from a sense of the Divine Goodness.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame,
 Has sin reduc'd our mind!
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind!
- 3 On us he bids the sun
 Shed his reviving rays;
 For us the skies their circles run,
 To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
 And bow their necks to men:
 But we, more base, more brutish things,
 Reject his easy reign.
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh;
 Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let base ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;

And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 41. C. M.

The Contrite Heart.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 C ontrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 42. C. M.

The Penitent.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;

No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

HYMN 43. P. M. 7.

Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh, hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace!
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Pleading the Promises by Prayer.

- 1 FRIEND of the friendless and the faint!
Where can I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless sinner, poor!

- 2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Did'st thou not hear and answer prayer:
O thou, prayer-hearing, answering God,
Take from my heart this painful load.

HYMN 45. P. M. 7.

The Sinner's suit at the Mercy Seat.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace, and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew,

Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 46. P. M. 8, 7.

Suppliant Address to the Saviour.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 *Sav'd*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love.

HYMN 47. S. M.

The convinced and seeking Sinner.

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;

But sure, a friendly whisper says,
“Flee from the wrath to come.”

- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the Pilgrim’s way;
I’ll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

HYMN 48. C. M.

Seeking Pardon.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there’s a voice of sov’reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come!
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th’ Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help mine unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious king,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all!

HYMN 49. C. M.

Seeking Renewing Grace.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!
 The heart unchang'd can never rise
 To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray:
 Reason debas'd can never find
 The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes;
- 5 To chase the shades of death away
 And bid the sinner live;
 A beam of Heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine!
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 50. L. M.

A Sinner submiting to God.

- 1 **W**EARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sov'reign grace I share.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin but do not feel;
Nor shall I till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign,—
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

HYMN 51. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

The Surrender.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,
Thine eternally,
Thro' eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

HYMN 52. L. M.

Joy in Heaven over a repenting Sinner.

- 1 **W**HOMO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees,
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 53. C. M.

Joy over Conversion.

- 1 **O**H, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 2 Pleas'd with the news the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
“The sinner lost is found,” they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

The Convert.

HYMN 54. L. M.

Penitential gratitude.

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When aw'd by guilt and fear,
To Heav'n for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here:
- 2 Thy tears are dri'd, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For Heav'n itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will
And to resist mine own.
- 4 So shall my soul each pow'r employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While Heav'n itself proclaims with joy—
“One pardon'd sinner more!”

HYMN 55. L. M.

The Convert's grateful acknowledgment.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with humble fervour raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And every mental pow'r combine,
To bless his attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Sav'd me when sinking in despair;

- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
 The joy of his forgiving love;
 Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
 And led my weary feet to rest.

HYMN 56. P. M. 7.

Choosing the heritage of God's people.

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God!
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren! where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave;
 Mine the God whom you adore—
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The Returning Sinner.

- 1 **F**AR from thy fold, my God, my feet
 Once mov'd in error's devious maze,
 Nor found religious duties sweet,
 Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.
 2 With tend'rest voice thou badst me flee
 The paths which thou could'st ne'er approve;
 And gently drew my soul to thee,
 With cords of sweet, eternal love.

- 3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
 And low in self-abasement fall;
 A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,
 And thou, my God, art all in all.
- 4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
 Than all the joys that earth can give;
 From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd
 part,
 Beneath thy countenance to live.
- 5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,
 Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
 Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,
 My latest breath shall bless his name.
- 6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
 And soar above yon starry spheres,
 Join the full chorus of the skies,
 And sing thy praise through endless years.

HYMN 58. P. M. 8, 7.

A Miracle of Grace.

- 1 **H**AIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
 My Redeemer's tenderness!

- Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
While, astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That bless'd moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Distinguishing Grace acknowledged.

- 1 **I** HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?
- 3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

HYMN 60. C. M.

Asking the Way to Zion.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Oh, come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r!
- 4 Oh, come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

HYMN 61. L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
No fear to quell—no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 62. L. M.

Renewal of Self Dedication.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done:—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me—and I follow'd on—
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:

Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 63. C. M.

Deliverance from Evil Companions.

- 1 **T**HE giddy world, with flatt'ring tongue,
Had charm'd my soul astray,
And lur'd my heedless feet to death,
Along the flow'ry way.
- 2 My heart, with agonizing pray'r,
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen, he seiz'd my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.
- 3 He broke the charm, which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead:
From lips profane, and tongues impure,
With quiv'ring steps I fled.
- 4 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine,
Restor'd to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends and mine.

HYMN 64. C. M.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **O**UR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;

We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.

- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 65. L. M.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;—
At length they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

Salvation by Grace.

HYMN 66. C. M.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 **G**race first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 **G**race led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 **G**race all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 67. P. M. 11, 8.

Election.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise;
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you—
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness
he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

- 3 O, had not he pity'd the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
 You all would have liv'd, would have died
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit
 esteem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must
 sing,
 "Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
 To him all the glory belongs:
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
 fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs.

HYMN 68. P. M. 11.

Precious Promises.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled:
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
 may'd,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;

- For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to
shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."
-

Graces of the Spirit.

HYMN 69. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares:
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
 The healing balm to give;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

HYMN 70. L. P. M.

Confidence in the Mediator.

- 1 **W**HEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
 He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the ill I would not do;
 Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
 Then he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while;

Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

- 5 And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 71. C. M.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 72. L. M.

Hatred of Sin.

- 1 **O**H, could I find some peaceful bow'r
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory from my eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heav'n my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

HYMN 73. S. M.

Holy mourning for Sin.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 74. P. M. 6, 8.

Spiritual Peace.

- 1 COME heav'ly peace of mind,
I sigh for thy return;
I seek, but cannot find
The joys for which I mourn;
Ah! where's the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd?
Till he return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppress'd;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
- 2 I tried each earthly charm—
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd—
I sought its soothing balm—
I ask'd the world its aid;
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
- 3 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,
By thy long wish'd return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn;
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

HYMN 75. S. M.

Confidence and Submission.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He ev'ry where hath way,
 And all things serve his might;
 His ev'ry act pure blessing is—
 His path unsullied light.
- 4 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?
- 5 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose, and to command;
 With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth, and heav'n tell,
 God sits as sov'reign on the throne—
 He ruleth all things well.

HYMN 76. S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;

- Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne—
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 77. C. M.

Hope in Trouble.

- 1 **W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmur'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heav'n-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
To see *him* face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight,
From earthborn woe and care;
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

HYMN 78. P. M. 7.

Self Examination.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove—
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;

You, who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 79. L. M.

Seeking rest in God.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits, and madd'ning
cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wand'rings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions ev'ry hour at strife.

Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

- 4 God is thy rest, with heart inclin'd
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest,—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.
-

The Christian Life.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Indwelling Sin.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within;
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die:
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies:
When faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or interrupt its rays at noon!
- 6 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me to triumph in thy might;

Thou the desponding heart can't raise,
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN 81. S. M.

Conflict between Sin and Grace.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot pray:
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be:
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!
- 6 But if, indeed, I *would*,
Though I *can* nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of pow'r.

- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run?

HYMN 82. P. M. 7.

In Temptation flying to Christ.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
 Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
 Lest I basely shrink and flee:
 Thou art all my trust and aid,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 Boundless love in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
 Reign to all eternity.

HYMN 83. C. M.

In Distress pleading with God.

- 1 **O**H, that I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 84. P. M. 7.

In Darkness.

- 1 **O**NCE I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd no more to move;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love;

Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

- 2 Little, then, myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

HYMN 85. C. M.

Making God a refuge in trouble.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone cans't heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.

HYMN 86. P. M. 7.

The Christian Pilgrim encouraged.

- 1 **P**ILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
 Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
 Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heav'nly light appear;
 Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
 In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
 Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly;
 Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wip'd from every eye;
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 87. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Hope encouraged.

- 1 **O** My soul, what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
 Bid thy restless fears begone;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay;
 Thou shalt conquer—
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within;
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee;
 But will save from hell and sin:
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road;
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 Oh, that I could now adore him,
 Like the heav'nly host above,
 Who forever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy songsters!
 When shall I your chorus join?

HYMN 88. L. M.

Darkness removed.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my
 mind,
 And smiling day once more appears;
 Then, my Redeemer! then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O, let me then, at length, be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn,) 1

That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine,
Thou therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Life and Safety in Christ alone.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend:
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Thy Name my inmost pow'rs adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee!—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!
- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 90. C. M.

Love to the Creature is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 91. S. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 **M**Y soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

HYMN 92. L. M.

Warning against Slothfulness.

- 1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair;
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 O! sleep not thou as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies!
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield through weariness the prize?
- 5 No! let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Running the Christian Race.

- 1 A WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:

- A heav'ly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

HYMN 94. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 95. P. M. 8, 7.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God, and heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame, and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favour, loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble, and distress me,
T'will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me;
 While thy love is left to me;
 Oh! t'were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do, or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what father's smiles are thine;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;
 Child of Heav'n, can'st thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r:
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

HYMN 96. P. M. 7.

The three Mountains.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
 At the too transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God in flesh made manifest,

Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

HYMN 97. P. M. 7.

Gethsemane.

- 1 **M**ANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inur'd;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, the Saviour see;
Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt,
This thro' grace can be believ'd;
But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God,
All my sins against his laws,
All my sins against his blood,
All my sins against his cause,
Sins as boundless as the sea;
Hide me, O Gethsemane.

- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
 None a Saviour more can need;
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;
 Not a work that I can plead;
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,
 Only in Gethsemane.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Almighty God of love:
 Prais'd by all the heav'nly host
 In thy shining courts above;
 We, poor sinners, GRACIOUS THREE,
 Praise thee for Gethsemane.
- HYMN 98. P. M. 8, 7.
- Sitting at the foot of the Cross.*
- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the Cross I spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his Cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Cross I gaze;
 Love I much! I've more forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears my feet I'll bathe,

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

HYMN 99. S. M.

Weak Believers comforted.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our home above
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 100. P. M. 7.

Rejoicing in Hope.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'ly King,
 C As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seats are now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land:
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd, go on.
- 5 Lord! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 101. P. M. 7.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 NOW begin the heav'ly theme,
 N Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 102. P. M. 7, 6.

Divine light breaking into the Soul.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:

Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through,—
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too:
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed;
 And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 103. L. P. M.

The Christian Israel.

- 1 **T**HUS far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far, thou Lord, our steps hast led;
 Snatch'd from the world's pursuing wrath,
 Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head;
 Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
 Here then we pause, look back, adore.
- 2 Strangers, and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way;

Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

- 3 Safety thy presence is, and rest,
While, as the eagle o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.
- 4 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpents, plague, and foe;
With bread from heav'n thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy pow'r, and all thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.
- 6 When we have number'd all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

HYMN 104. C. M.

Impatience for death sinful.

- 1 **W**HY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more;
Let him who lock'd thy spirit in,
When meet unbolt the door.

- 2 Why would'st thou snatch the victor's palm,
Before the conquest's won?
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run?
- 3 Inglorious wish to haste away
And leave thy work undone!
To serve thy Lord will please no less,
Than praising round the throne.
- 4 While thou art standing in the field,
For bliss thou'l riper grow;
Then wait the Lord's appointed time,
Till he shall bid thee go.

HYMN 105. P. M.

*The affections detached from Earth and aspiring
to Heaven.*

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul!

HYMN 106. C. M.

Passage through Life.

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods, and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear, and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

HYMN 107. P. M. 11.

The Pilgrim of Zion.

- 1 SAD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasten'd
awhile,
Thro' this dark vale of tears, hope bids thee
to smile;

Far spent is the night:—see approaching
the day

That calls thee from sorrow and sighing
away.

- 2 No tear of repentance, nor wave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall e'er dark'n the light of
that morn,
Where thy sun sets no more, but forever
shall shine,
Unsullied in beauty, in glory divine.
- 3 White thy robe, wash'd in blood, the prize
that was giv'n
To redeem thee from earth, and raise thee
to heav'n;
Where love blooms in peace, and blest joys
feast thy sight,
Where God is thy glory, the Lord thy de-
light.
- 4 O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in pray'r,
Life's sorrows, and pains thy Redeemer will
bear;
Reposing in death, the love that ne'er dies,
Sheds light to conduct thee in peace to the
skies.

HYMN 108. P.M. 7, 6.

Breathing after Heaven.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay—
Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fires ascending seek the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born to God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

HYMN 109. C. M.

The hope of Heaven supporting.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 110. C. P. M.

The heavenly prospect.

- 1 **R**EJOICING now in glorious hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top,
View all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 2 A land where sin shall ne'er invade,
Nor doubt shall cast a gloomy shade,
With ev'ry blessing crown'd;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace;
And all his praise resound.
- 3 May we this better land possess,
When in this howling wilderness,
No longer we shall rove,—
Lord, help us humbly to rejoice,
In hope we there shall hear thy voice,
And sing redeeming love.

Worship.

HYMN 111. L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the *mercy seat*.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought *mercy seat*.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common *mercy seat*.
- 4 Ah! whither could we fly for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no *mercy seat*?
- 5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the *mercy seat*.
- 6 O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the **MERCY SEAT**.

HYMN 112. C. M.

Preparation for Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear,

- Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eyes delight to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice, and live;—
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;—
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit, and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN 113. C. M.

The Nature of Prayer.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 The watch-word at the gates of death;—
 He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 6 In pray'r, on earth, the saints are one;
 They're one in word and mind;
 When, with the Father and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way,
 The path of pray'r thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 114. L. M.

Worshipping Jesus.

- 1 **S**OFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;
 Soft as the ev'ning zephyr floats,
 Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While the sweet lark exulting soars;
 So soft to your Almighty Friend,
 Be ev'ry sigh your bosom pours:
- 3 Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;

Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

HYMN 115. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 116. C. M.

The Devout Request.

- 1 **F**AITHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 117. C. M.

Retirement.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree:
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode.
 Oh, with what peace and joy and love,
 She there communes with God!
- 4 There, like a nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

HYMN 118. C. M.

Evening Twilight.

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful pray'r.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 119. C. M.

Evening Worship.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day has flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The sun of holiness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN 120. L. M.

Family Worship.

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand,
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints, in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night present its vows;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name;

While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN 121. P. M. 7.

Saturday evening.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed, and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin, and shame.
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear.
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May thy gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;

Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 122. C. M.

God speaking peace to his people.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
In silence soft, and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul,
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds, and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 123. L. M.

Commencement of public worship.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford—
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfi'd with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;

And may we in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

HYMN 124. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

At the close of Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

HYMN 125. L. M.

Social Worship.

- 1 “ **W**HÈRE two or three with sweet ac-cord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise—
- 2 “ There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company;

To them unveil my shining face,
And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

HYMN 126. P. M. 8.

Our God forever.

- 1 **T**HIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end;
- 2 'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.
-

Revival.

HYMN 127. P. M. 8, 7.

Declension of Religion lamented.

- 1 **O**NCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
- 2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

- 3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMN 128. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation:
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs:
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 129. L. M.

Hoping for a Revival.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say—
“Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.”
- 2 “ Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 “ Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.”
- 4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 130. P. M. 8, 7.

The Lord's Vineyard.

- 1 SEE the vineyard lately planted
By thy hand, O Lord of hosts!
Let thy people's pray'r be granted—
Keep it safe from hostile boasts;
Hear, O hear us when we pray—
Keep thy vineyard night and day.
- 2 Drooping plants revive, and nourish;
Let them thrive beneath thy hand;
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command;
Let the fruitful yield thee more;
Laden with a faithful store.

3 Further, Lord, be thou intreated;
 Plant the barren waste around;
 Let thy work be thus completed,
 And no fruitless spot be found,
 Let the earth a vineyard be,
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 131. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

The triumphs of the Gospel.

- 1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
 Joyful times are near at hand:
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in ev'ry land:
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;
 Let us hail the dawning ray:
 When the Lord appears, there's reason
 To expect a glorious day:
 At his presence
 Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring;
 While he enters like a flood;
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad;
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world in ev'ry land:
 And the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 132. P. M. 8, 7.

Love Divine.

- 1 **L**OVE Divine, all love excelling!
LJoy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion!
 Pure, unbounded love thou art!
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 **B**reathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
 Take away the pow'r of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 **C**ome, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive!
 Suddenly return—and never—
 Never more thy temples leave!
 Then we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 **F**inish, then, thy new creation;
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by thee:
 Chang'd from glory unto glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HYMN 133. P. M. 8, 7.

Grateful Recollection.

- ¹ COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- ² Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.
- ³ Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

Monthly Concert.

HYMN 134. C. M.

Salvation.

- ¹ SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 135. P. M.

Effects of the Gospel.

- 1 **M**ARK the soft falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine.
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down to millions more.

HYMN 136. C. M.

Beauty and strength of the Church.

- 1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?
- 2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orb'd glory rides;
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud, he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heav'n array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend,
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home.

HYMN 138. P. M. 7, 6.

Reply to the call of the heathen.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown!
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 139. L. M.

Prayer for Zion's increase.

- 1 **A** RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
“I am Jehovah—God alone:”
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be split—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied,
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name;
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

HYMN 140. C. M.

The latter-day glory.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise

Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 Come then—Oh, come from ev'ry land,
To worship at his shrine:
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 141. P. M. 7, 6.
Blessings of Christ's reign.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

- 3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

- 4 For Him shall pray'r unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever;
 That name to us is—Love.

HYMN 142. C. M.

The Prince of Peace.

- 1 **L**ET saints on earth their anthems raise,
 Who taste the Saviour's grace:
 Let heathens too proclaim his praise,
 And crown him "Prince of Peace."
- 2 Praise him, who laid his glory by,
 For man's apostate race;
 Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
 And crown him "Prince of Peace."
- 3 Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
 Let warfare ever cease;

Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

- 4 We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,
To view his lovely face;
His name forever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

HYMN 143. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O 'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness!
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel—
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 144. L. M.

For Christian Missionaries.

- 1 M ARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
And warm'd with faith each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year,
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 Midst burning climes, and frozen plains,
Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conq'ring way.
- 5 So on the Indian's gloomy night,
The eastern star shall shed her light,
And Jesus' hallow'd reign control
The stormy passions of the soul.
- 6 So shall Messiah's influence cheer
His humble cot, which still is dear;
And heav'nly hope his soul pervade,
Though life, and time, and worlds shall fade.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Farewell to Missionaries.

- 1 **G**O, messenger of love, and bear,
Upon thy gentle wing,
The song which seraphs love to hear,
And angels joy to sing.
- 2 Go to the heart with sin oppress,
And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,
The drooping spirit cheer.
- 3 Go, say to Zion, "Jesus reigns"—
By his resistless pow'r,

He binds his enemies with chains;
They fall to rise no more.

- 4 Tell how the Holy Spirit flies,
As he from heav'n descends—
Arrests his proudest enemies
And changes them to friends.

HYMN 146. P. M. 7.

The Song of Jubilee.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:—
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:—
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks: 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:—
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Occasional.

HYMN 147. P. M. 7.

New Year.

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here;
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
 But how little—none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies,
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.
- 5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
- 6 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with the Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 148. C. M.

Prayer for the Children of the Church.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, if these lambs should
 stray,
From thy secure enclosure's bound,

- And lur'd by worldly joys away,
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
 That thy dear sacred name they bear,
 Think that the seal of love divine,—
 The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring sinful years,
 Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
 Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

HYMN 149. L. M.

Poor Children's Appeal to Christians.

- 1 **I**N God's own house by silent night,
 The lamp of God was burning bright;
 And there by viewless angels kept,
 Samuel the child securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
 "Samuel" it call'd, and thrice it spoke;
 He rose—he ask'd whence came the word?
 From Eli! No;—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
 In paths of righteousness he trod;
 Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
 And all the chosen tribes were blest.
- 4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
 Thy wak'ning voice has reach'd our ear,
 Speak Lord to us, thy servants hear.

- 5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove;
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

HYMN 150. C. M.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN 151. C. M.

Lord's Supper.

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell,
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him, who died our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's wo?
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words display'd,
 "Meet and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory! leave no other name
 But his recorded there.

HYMN 152. L. M.

Seeking direction in the choice of a Pastor.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
 Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
 Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
 And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

HYMN 153. L. M.

At the installation of a Minister.

- 1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name
 Of Jesus our exalted Head,—

- 1 Come as a *servant*—so *he* came,
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a *Shepherd*; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a *Watchman*; take thy stand
Upon thy tow'r amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an *Angel*, hence to guide,
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor stray.
- 5 Come as a *Teacher*, sent from God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with pray'r.
- 6 Come as a *Messenger* of peace,
Fill'd with the spirit, fir'd with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

HYMN 154. C. M.

The Ministerial Office.

- 1 **L**E T Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart—
It fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;—
For souls, which must forever live,
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

HYMN 155. L. M.

Prayer for a Sick Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 2 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 3 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 156. C. M.

Comfort under the loss of Ministers.

- 1 WHAT—tho' the arm of conq'ring
death,
Does God's own house invade;

- What—tho' the Prophet and the Priest
Be number'd with the dead!
- 2 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;
- 3 Th' *Eternal Shepherd* still survives,
New comforts to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 Then let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh!
-

Seasons of Human Life.

HYMN 157. C. M.

Importance of the Season of Youth.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd;
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
 With vain regret, deplore,
 And sadly muse on former joys,
 That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
 In age will give thee rest:
 O, then improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest!

HYMN 158. S. M.

Youth the morning of life.

- 1 **S**WEET is the time of *Spring*,
 When nature's charms appear;
 The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
 And hail the op'ning year.
- 2 But sweeter far the *spring*
 Of wisdom, and of grace,
 When children bless, and praise their King,
 Who loves the youthful race.
- 3 Sweet is the *dawn* of day,
 When light just streaks the sky,
 When shades and darkness pass away,
 And morning beams are nigh.
- 4 But sweeter far the *dawn*
 Of piety in youth;
 When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
 Before the light of truth.
- 5 Sweet is the early *dew*,
 Which gilds the mountain tops;
 And decks each plant, and flow'r we view,
 With pearly, glitt'ring drops.
- 6 But sweeter far the scene,
 On Zion's holy hill;

When there the *dew* of youth is seen,
Its freshness to distil.

- 7 Sweet is the op'ning *flower*,
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour,
Fresh beauties will assume.
- 8 But sweeter that young heart,
Where faith, and love, and peace,
Blossom, and bloom in every part,
With sweet, and varied grace.
- 9 O, may life's early **SPRING**,
And **MORNING**, ere they flee,
Youth's **DEW**, and its fair **BLOSSOMING**,
Be giv'n, my God, to thee.

HYMN 159. L. M.

Youth warned.

- 1 **Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heav'ly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.
- 2 Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,
“I'll put far off the evil day;”
Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
And death stands ready at the door.
- 3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls!
Beware! and count the awful cost,
What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.
- 4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—
Take the alarm—the danger fly!
Lord, save me, be your earnest cry.

HYMN 160. C. M.

Middle age.

- 1 **A**ND have I measur'd half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past;
The noon is almost o'er:
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can wake no more.
- 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
In mercy help my unbelief,
And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

HYMN 161. L. M.

Old Age.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! enthron'd on high!
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 Oh, guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay:
My friends, my young companions, gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Ah! No—then soothe the mortal hour,
 On thee my hope depends;
 Support me with almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.

Life and Death.

HYMN 162. C. M.

Sickness sweetened.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love:
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood,
 My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death;
 Sweet t' experience day by day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end

Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee.

HYMN 163. S. M.

Issues of life and death.

- 1 **O**H, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun:—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

- 6 Here would we end our quest—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love—the rest
 Of immortality.

- HYMN 164. L. M.

The living and the dead.

- 1 **W**HHERE are the dead?—In heav'n or hell
 Their disembodied spirits dwell;
 Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,
 Reserv'd until the judgment day.
- 2 Who are the dead?—The sons of time
 In ev'ry age, and state, and clime;
 Renown'd, dishonor'd, or forgot,
 The place that knew them, knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living?—On the ground
 Where pray'r is heard and mercy found;
 Where in the compass of a span,
 The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
 Draws ev'ry moment nigh to death;
 Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
 Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
 To follow Christ and flee from sin;
 Daily grow up in him our head,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

HYMN 165. C. M.

Death of a Youth.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,

- Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'ly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 166. L. M.

The death of the Righteous.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eve of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life, nor death destroys;

Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes, and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears,
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
 - 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
How bless'd the righteous when he dies.
-

The Resurrection and Judgment.

HYMN 167. L. M.

Hope in the Resurrection.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

HYMN 168. C. M.

Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN 169. L. M.

Christ's coming to Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall come, the earth shall
 quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And with'ring from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come, but not the same,
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
 - 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of all mankind.
 - 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified?
 - 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall!”
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “the Lord is come.”
-

Heaven.

HYMN 170. P. M. 11.

The Christian's Sweet Home.

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at Home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.*

HYMN 171. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem anticipated.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee.
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls,
 And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end.
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats, through wild and stormy
 scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee,
Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 172. P. M. 7.

Saints in Heaven.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptur'd saints above,

Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.

- 2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak.
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus love!
Happy Spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows!
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

DOXOLOGIES.
—

1. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

2. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore;
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

4. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

5. S. M.

TO the Eternal Three,
 In will and essence one,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Co-equal honours done.

6. P. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7. L. P. M.

NOW to the Great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth, and heav'n.

8. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant
host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

9. P. M. 7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love,
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

10. P. M. 7.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

11. P. M. 8, 7.

PRAISE the Father, earth, and heav'n,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days.

12. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

FAITHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore,
Vast eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

13. P. M. 7, 6.

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout th' ages past,
Now is giv'n, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

14. P. M. 11, 8.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to
the Son,
All praise to the Spirit thrice bless'd,
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

15. P. M. 11.

OFATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 bless'd,
 All glory, and worship from earth, and from
 heav'n,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be giv'n.

16. P. M. 8, 7.

Apostolic Benediction.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other, and the Lord,
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

17. L. M.

The Peace of God, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE peace, which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
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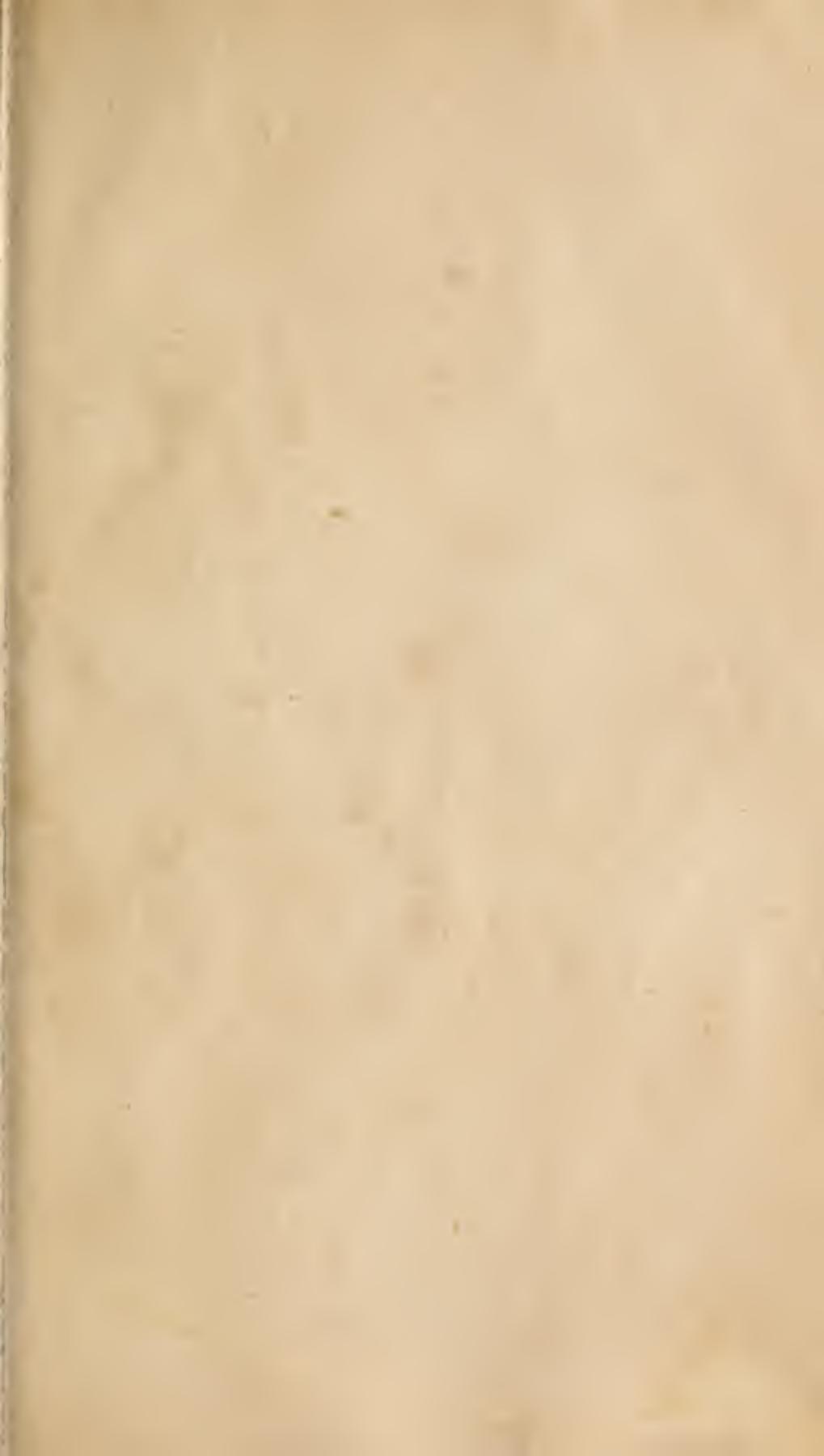
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